

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARION GLADDING:

A CONTRIBUTION TO A SURVEY OF LIFE AND STRUCTURES ON THE COMSTOCK

Interviewee: Marion Gladding

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Description

Marion Andrea Andreassen Gladding, the daughter of Alice Berry, a native Nevadan, and Frederik Andreassen, a Danish immigrant, was born in Virginia City on April 6, 1910. She attended the First Ward and Fourth Ward schools in Virginia City and studied teaching at the University of Nevada. For several years she taught at a small country school near Fallon, but in 1933 she returned to Virginia City and began working in the post office, a job she held until 1969 when she retired.

In her oral history interview, Marion Gladding recounts the history of the Berry family, a Nevada mining family who operated their own mine in the Flowery district during the opening decades of the twentieth century. Mrs. Gladding also reminisces about various buildings that used to exist in the Flowery district, but which have since disappeared, and thus provides the reader with information on a community about which relatively little has been previously recorded. Mrs. Gladding also tells of some of her father's early experiences in Nevada as an immigrant. Finally, she discusses her own active life, reminiscing about her childhood experiences growing up on the Comstock, of the time she spent teaching in Fallon, and about her work in the post office in Virginia City.

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A CONTRIBUTION TO A SURVEY OF
LIFE AND STRUCTURES ON THE COMSTOCK**

PREPARED FOR THE STOREY COUNTY, NEVADA
BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

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An Oral History Conducted by Ann Harvey
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University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

The University of Nevada Oral History Program (OHP) engages in systematic interviewing of persons who can provide firsthand descriptions of events, people and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interviews are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiographical synthesization as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the OHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the OHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim as

possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable. Then human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often totally unreadable and therefore a total waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the OHP will, in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled;

- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;

- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context; and

- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered

but have been added to render the text intelligible.

There will be readers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without even the minimal editing that occurred in the production of this text; they are directed to the tape recording.

Copies of all or part of this work and the tape recording from which it is derived are available from:

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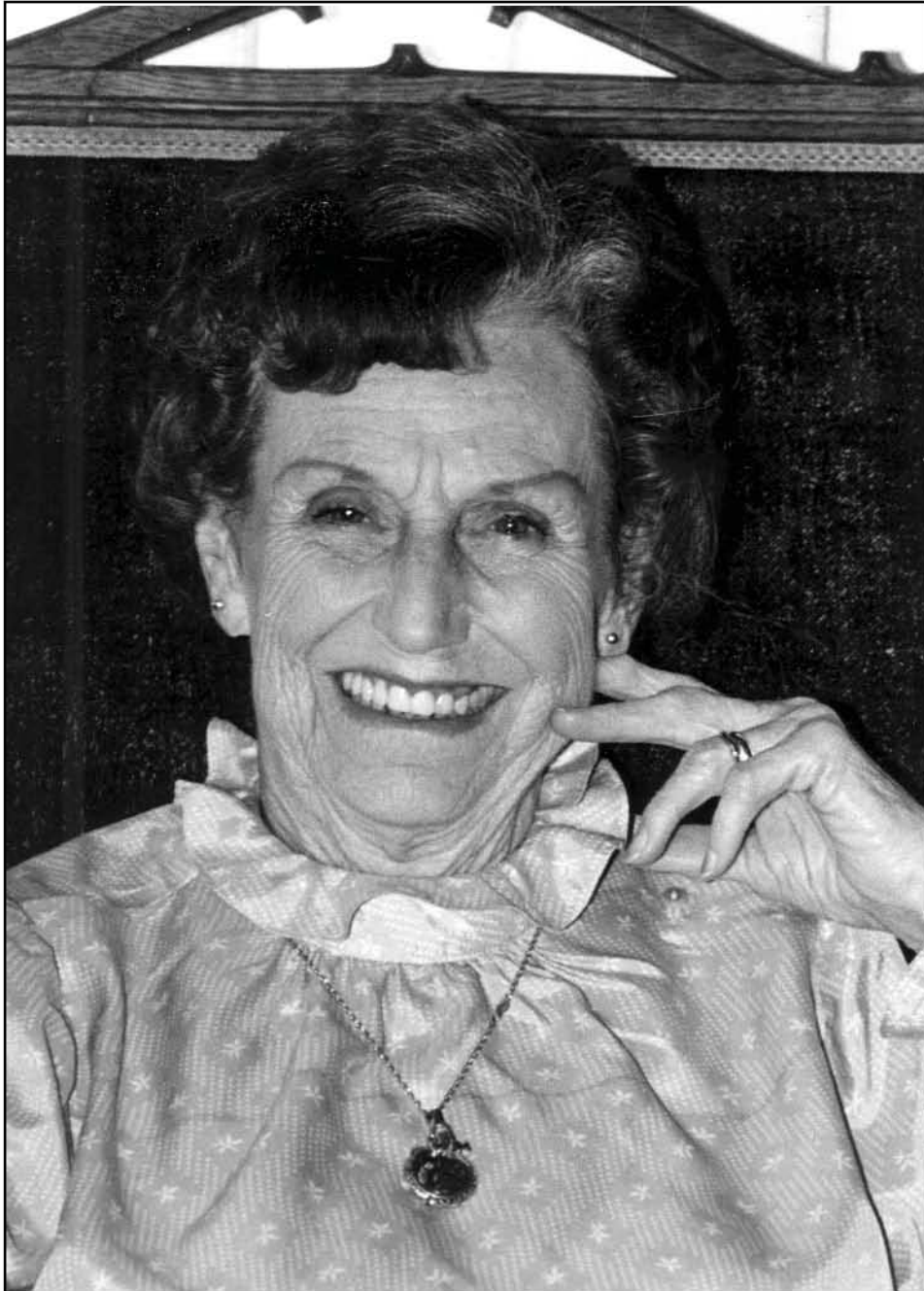
INTRODUCTION

Marion Andrea Andreassen Gladding, the daughter of Alice Berry, a native Nevadan, and of Frederik Andreassen, a Danish immigrant, was born in Virginia City 6 April 1910. She attended the First Ward and Fourth Ward schools in Virginia City and studied teaching at the University of Nevada. For several years she taught at a small country school near Fallon, but in 1933 she returned to Virginia City and began working in the post office, a job she held until 1969 when she retired.

In her oral history interview Marion Gladding recounts the history of the Berry family, a Nevada mining family who operated their own mine in the Flowery district during the opening decades of the twentieth century. Mrs. Gladding also reminisces about various structures that used to exist in the Flowery district, but which have since disappeared, and thus provides the reader with information on a community about which relatively little has been previously recorded. Mrs. Gladding also tells of some of her father's early experiences in Nevada as an immigrant, and thus adds to a growing body of knowledge on

the immigrant experience in Nevada. Finally, she discusses her own active life, reminiscing about her childhood experiences growing up on the Comstock, of the time she spent teaching in Fallon, and about her work in the post office in Virginia City.

Today Marion Gladding, a warm and charming woman, lives in Virginia City with her husband, Edward Gladding. They have 2 grown children, Edward Allen and Frederik James, and 4 grandchildren.



MARION GLADDING
1984

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARION GLADDING

Marion Gladding: My full name is Marion Andrea Andreasen Gladding. I was born on Washington Street in Virginia City, Nevada—Storey County—6 April 1910. Washington Street is one of the side streets that leads from C Street down toward the hospital. [The doctor who delivered me was] Fred Hodgins. My father's name was Frederik Andreasen; my mother's name was Alice Berry—they had no middle name. I had 3 brothers: Frederik Alvin Andreasen, Clinton Bendt Andreasen and Earl Nels Andreasen.

Ann Harvey: Who was the first member of your mother's family to move to the Comstock?

My grandfather, Thomas James Berry, came to this area from England in 1873. He was following his stepfather who had left England and had taken the records of his [Thomas Berry's] birth with him. My grandfather [wanted] to get them back because of an inheritance, but he never caught up with him, so he could never claim his inheritance.

Grandfather came to Virginia City right at the height of its boom days. He was impressed not only with the boom and all the activity, but with the country and its beauty. At that time he became familiar with Six Mile Canyon and the Flowery district, and he had it in his mind to make his permanent home [here]. He went back to England and married my grandmother, Sarah Jane Bentham, in a small town named Hulme in Lancaster County, England. They had 3 little girls, the younger one of the 3 was born in 1880, and soon after that they returned to Virginia City, Nevada. They settled in Seven Mile Canyon, which is in the Flowery district.

Where is that located?

It's east of Virginia City. There are 2 canyons, Seven Mile Canyon and Six Mile Canyon, which together comprise the whole of the Flowery district. The mouth of Six Mile Canyon is not even half a mile from Virginia City, and Seven Mile Canyon runs into Six Mile Canyon.

What did your grandfather do after he came back and settled with your grandmother in the Flowery district?

They lived in Seven Mile Canyon, and he worked in the mines in Virginia City. The first winter was very difficult for him. It was a bad winter, and he had to walk from his home in Seven Mile Canyon to his place of work. He [used] to tell us about the coyotes tracking him up Seven Mile Canyon: when he stopped, they stopped; when he moved, they moved.

He was getting a little nervous?

I'm sure he was. [laughter] Well, they didn't live in Seven Mile Canyon very long. He built a home in Six Mile Canyon. It was a large house because his family was increasing all the time.

Then your grandfather was a miner when he came back to Virginia City?

That is what he did when he came to Virginia City; before that, in England, he was a carpenter. He became very well known [here]. They called him "Strawberry" because he had red hair. He was very talented and could sing and dance and was in demand at parties and entertainments. He had a very good time, I'm sure.

Were there many houses in Six Mile Canyon when your grandparents settled there?

Yes, and not only houses but [other structures as well].

Could you tell me of some of these structures?

At the head of Six Mile Canyon is the Storey County Hospital, and a little further

down was Schnitzer's brewery, a beautiful old building, which was in very good condition until 1983 when it burned down. The Schnitzer family made their own beer, and the brewery was a very popular place with the miners coming off of shift and with other people around Virginia City. Then, further down the canyon, there was another small saloon run by a petite little lady named Fanny O'Mare. Now, Fanny was supposed to be French; she spoke French fluently and cooked French meals, but apparently she was also Irish because she spoke with an Irish accent—it was a nice combination. I remember Fanny O'Mare.

Did she serve French meals in her saloon?

Only to her friends. Her way of cooking was different from my grandparents', but they were among some of her guests. My grandfather especially liked the way she cooked leg of lamb, so he bought a leg of lamb, and she fixed it for him with slits and inserted garlic in the lamb. When he brought it home my grandmother threw it out; she thought it was bad! [laughter]

Further down the canyon there was another saloon operated by a family by the name of Carney. It was in a small building, and there was a spring right at the saloon. In fact, there was a spring at Fanny O'Mare's, too. That was one reason they built the saloons at these places...because people passing by with horses would stop and water their horses and refresh themselves at the same time.

There was a creek that flowed down the whole length of Six Mile Canyon beginning at Virginia City, and there were mills along the creek. [One of] the larger ones was the Butters mill, built by a man by the name of Charles Butters. It was said of Mr. Butters that he only hired Strong young men—this was the

first place my father worked when he came to Nevada. Further up the canyon Mr. Butters had a mansion. It was later torn down and sold for the brick and the materials that were in it.

Do you remember what Butters mansion looked like?

Yes. It was made of brick, and, as I remember, it was 3 stories tall. The brick was made in Virginia City, and it had a distinctive color—a pinkish-red color. The brick was very much in demand, and that is why it was torn down in the 1920s. The Butters mansion had beautiful grounds with a garden and large trees. This was another place my father worked when he first came to this country; he helped take care of the gardens.

Then there were small mills all the way down Six Mile Canyon along the creek. The people [who] had these small properties worked the ore from their own mines in these mills, and many of them did custom milling from different people's mines. They also worked the tailings that came down the creek from Virginia City. One was the Fisher mill, which was owned by Frank Fisher's grandmother and grandfather. At the foot of Six Mile Canyon there was another mill, a larger one, owned by some people by the name of Pfiefer.

A little further up there was a man by the name of John Barrett who had a pretty little home and a garden. And further up the canyon a man by the name of William Rowe and his wife had a fruit orchard with apples, pears, peaches and just about anything you wanted. It was wonderful in those days because everybody didn't have fresh fruit like we do now. I can remember going to William Rowe's orchard. He watered it from a big well

that he had at the bottom of the orchard. It was there for many years.

In Seven Mile Canyon there was another big stone mansion; I don't know who built that, but it was moved by Abraham Kendall up into Virginia City and now stands on the Divide. He moved it stone by stone, and marked every stone so that he would get it in the right place. The home stands right on the ridge of the Divide.

My grandmother and grandfather were perhaps the last family to leave Six Mile Canyon; by this time they had had 9 children. Two of them had died. There was Sarah Emma Berry, Ada Berry, Marion Berry, Thomas Berry, William Berry, Clara Berry, Alice Berry, Earl Berry and Ethel Berry.

Do you have any stories you'd like to tell us about the Berry family?

My uncle, William Berry, was a prospector, and he used to prospect along all the hills around Six Mile Canyon and Seven Mile Canyon. One day he was sitting on a rock eating his lunch. He broke a piece of the rock off, looked at it, and [realized] it was almost solid gold. He had made a big strike! The [family] tried to keep it a secret, but this was an impossibility.

Anyway, William, his brothers and his father worked this mine for years and made a very good living off of it. They sunk a shaft on the property and hauled the ore up from the mine on a windlass with a big bucket. The windlass was hitched to a horse, which my grandfather drove, and the 3 boys dug in the mine, filled the buckets, and did the hard labor. But the horse stepped on my grandfather's foot and broke his foot, so they got their younger sister, Ethel—who is now 84 years old—to drive the horse. She drove it for a number of months.

The mine was very rich, and it became difficult for the family to work because it was too big, [so] they finally decided to sell it. They sold the Berry mine to the Flowery Mining Company, which owned a number of other properties in the neighborhood. The Flowery Mining Company built a huge mill on the property and operated it until the late 1930s. Then the mill was moved piece by piece down to the Dayton Mining Company property in lower Silver City, where it still stands.

What did the family do after they sold the mine?

They had done quite well with their mine, and [although] they were not millionaires, at least they had enough so that they didn't have to work in the mines any longer. My grandfather died on 30 December 1924—New Year's Eve—and my grandmother died 10 May 1925. They were the only family that lived in the Flowery district at that time.

Could you tell us some more stories about your family?

Well, when Ethel—she was the youngest one of the family—was born, one of my grandfather's favorite songs was “The Mulberry Bush,” and when the notice of her birth came out in the *Territorial Enterprise* it said, “There is another Berry on the mulberry bush; born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berry of Six Mile Canyon, a daughter.” She still lives in Carson City at the Sierra Convalescent Center.

The youngest boy, Earl, ran away from home when he was 18 years old and joined the army during World War I.... He didn't actually run away from home; he was old enough to leave at that time, but he joined the army and had some real experiences.

He was on a troop ship named the *Toscana*. It was torpedoed in the North Sea, and he was in icy waters until he was picked up by some Irish fishermen. They nursed him back to health, and [eventually] he rejoined his company in the army. He was in the Battle of the Argonne Forest, went through the whole European campaign and then returned to the United States. Later, around 1920, he became one of the first motorcycle cops in Reno. There were 2 of them at that time, and he was one; the other was William Dean.

I remember something [else] about my uncles. They used to have drilling contests during celebrations in Virginia City—this is when 2 men would drill with big sledgehammers. My uncles, Thomas Berry and William Berry, were the state champions for 7 years, and were also national champions for a while. This tradition is still carried on by a younger member of the family, Fred Andreasen, my nephew, who is the state single jack drilling champion, and he was also the national single jack drilling champion, I think, for 2 years.

Are there several different kinds of drilling contests?

Two different kinds.

Could you explain those?

The double jack drilling contest simulates the way the miners drilled in the mines during the early days. Two men would drill [with] these long pieces of steel and would hammer them into the stone with big heavy hammers. It was a very rhythmic procedure: one would hit, and by the time he would raise his hammer, the other would hit the steel. The

team that drilled the deepest hole would be the champions.

A single jack is when one man uses a shorter hammer, and he drills all by himself. Somebody plays a small stream of water while he is drilling to keep the hole clear. [Again], the one that drills the deepest hole is the winner and the champion.

Thank you for clarifying that. Where did your aunts and uncles go to school?

All my aunts and uncles attended school in the Flowery district. There was a small schoolhouse in just about the center of Six Mile Canyon—it was right next to the house that the Fisher family lived in. It stood for many, many years but finally deteriorated and fell down. All the children in the Flowery district attended school there. The teacher drove down in the morning from Virginia City with a horse and buggy, and then drove home at night.

There were 8 grades. My mother attended school in the Flowery district through the eighth grade, and then came to Virginia City. At that time there were only 3 classes in high school: freshman class, middle class and senior class. She graduated from the senior class in Virginia City in about 1908. She would have been 17 years old. My mother and father were married when she was 18 on 13 September 1909.

You just mentioned your father. Why don't we talk about him now?

My father, Frederick Andreasen, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on 10 September 1882. He came to this country when he was 17 years old “around the Horn,” as they called it. The first place that

he went to was San Francisco, and he was there in 1906 during the big earthquake. He couldn't speak English, and when he wanted to eat and went to a restaurant, he had to point to what he wanted. It was difficult, but he soon learned [to speak English].

He came to Reno, Nevada, because his sister was in Reno. She and her husband owned the old Monarch Cafe on Virginia Street. They were the first owners of the Monarch Cafe. Their name was Vorm; it's familiar to a lot of the older people. There were a lot of Danish people in Reno at that time. My father stayed there, worked in the Monarch Cafe and learned to cook—he called himself a short-order cook. He [eventually] came to Virginia City with a group of young men by way of Jumbo Grade.

What?

Jumbo Grade. Jumbo Grade still exists, although it's not passable right now because a road is being reconstructed. There used to be a small town at the foot of Jumbo Grade, close to Washoe Lake, named Jumbo. It was a mining community, and quite a town at that time. My father stopped there and then worked his way up to Virginia City. At that time there were dances and lots of activity in Virginia City, and he decided he would stay. He got himself a job at the Butters plant, and he worked there for a short time.

He met my mother; they were married in 1909, and they settled in Virginia City. They lived in Virginia City until after I was born; then they lived in a small house down in Six Mile Canyon until I was 6 years old. My 2 oldest brothers were also born in Virginia City before they moved down there, and my youngest brother was born here afterwards.

When it became time for me to go to school they moved to Virginia City, and I started school in the First Ward School, which no longer exists.

Did your father ever tell you about his job working in the mill?

He was the one that told me that Mr. Butters hired none but strong young men, and he was treated very nicely. Mr. Butters liked him and asked him if he would like to work in his garden, which he accepted, but he went back to the mill—he didn't like gardening.

What did he do in the mill? Did he ever tell you?

No, because he went into mining soon after that. He used to say he was a hard rock miner; he was never a mill man. [laughter] Actually my father was a timber man. He did the square-set timbering and was very good at it. He was also very good at handling powder, handling dynamite, and there's quite a connection there because that's a job where they have to be very careful. My father worked in the Flowery mine in the Flowery district, and during the time that he worked there he was caved on—that's a mining accident. When the walls of the mine caved in on him, he was buried, and this accident almost killed him. But, he survived that and survived another cave-in later on. My uncle, Thomas Berry, was also caved on in the Flowery mine.

Was mining a dangerous occupation?

Yes, it was a very dangerous occupation. My father then moved to Virginia City, and he worked in the Con-Virginia mine and others. He died when he was 55 years old, and at the time of his death he was working for William Donovan at the Silver Hill mine in Silver City.

When did your father die?

My father died 17 September 1938. His birthday was 10 September. He died of silicosis, which is a disease that the miners get from breathing too much dust. It deteriorates their lungs, and then they get tuberculosis. My father died from this, as did my grandfather and 2 of my uncles. They all died of silicosis when they were comparatively young men. One uncle died when he was 52 and the other when he was 55.

That's very tragic. Was there any way to cut down on this tragedy?

Yes. They played streams of water on the walls of the mine where they were working, but at that time the men weren't too careful. Now they are, and they wear masks to keep from breathing the dust.

Did your father ever tell you of any experiences he had while he actually worked in the mines?

Well, he told me about the "tommyknockers."

Would you explain tommyknockers?

The tommyknockers were a superstition. The miners used to say whenever an accident was about to happen, they were warned by a knocking on the walls or by voices that they heard. They called these noises the tommyknockers. It was mostly knocking they heard, and they were very superstitious.

Did your father ever tell you of any other superstitions the miners had besides the tommyknockers?

My dad was not a superstitious man, so he didn't go into it too deeply, but he did

tell us about the tommyknockers. I guess he heard them, too. [laughter] It was probably a sloughing off of the rocks or the dirt, or the timbers would creak or something like that, but there was always noises and then there would be an accident...there were many accidents in those days.

Do you remember any of the accidents that your father may have told you about besides the cave-ins he was involved in?

Yes, they had a signal in the mines—I can remember this as a child. They would blow the steam whistles so many times—it seems to me it was 4 times, but I’m not sure of that—to let the people in the town know that there had been an accident in the mine. There were many big accidents, like the Savage fire where many men were killed. But the only 2 times that my father was in an accident was in the Flowery mine.

Did your father ever tell you about any of the men he worked with in the mines?

Oh, yes. When he was a little older my father used to lease in the mines. He and another man would take a lease on a certain area in a mine and work it, and they could make their own milling, and whatever they made out of it they could keep. One of my father’s partners was Johnny the Giant. His real name was Johnny Martinsen, and he was also a Scandinavian, [so] they had something in common. Johnny the Giant was a very short man. He was probably about 5 feet tall, but he was almost as broad as he was tall—not fat. He was just a husky man, but very short. He and another man, called Cry Baby Tony, were killed in a mining accident in what is known as the Con-Virginia tunnel in a cave-in. Oh, there were any number of accidents.

My father worked in the Con-Virginia and other deep mines where the temperature was over 100 degrees at all times. They either played hoses on one another so they could stand the heat, or they had tubs of ice water where they soaked their clothing so they could work for a longer length of time.

We’ve been told that pneumonia was a problem for those who worked in the mines.

That was probably because of the great change of temperatures, especially in the wintertime. They would come out of the cold of Virginia City and the terrific storms—wind storms and snow storms—and go into the hot mines. The change of temperature caused them to catch cold and lower their resistance. [Then] they would get pneumonia very easily.

Do you remember the names of any of the other men your father worked with?

Yes. There was Crack em Down Mike. He was a tough man who always said, “I’ll crack em down,” when something happened that he didn’t like. And at this time, there were many Slovenian people who came to Virginia City.

About what time was that?

This was probably in the 1930s and 1940s. Of course, the mines all closed down in the 1940s. Gold and silver were declared non-strategic by the United States government, and they closed down all the mines. But in my time there was 3,500 men working in the mines between Virginia City and Gold Hill. All the mines were operating, and it was really exciting.

Was this between 1920 and 1930?

Yes, while I was still going to high school. There were also a lot of Mexican men who came to town and lived in boardinghouses about that time. They all congregated together. There were also Finnish miners and Irish miners.

Did any of the Slovenians ever tell you why they moved here?

No. They were very fine people. We were neighbors to one Slovenian family, and I still consider one of the daughters, Mary Nicklanovich, my very best friend. Mary tried to teach me Slovenian, and then laughed at me when I mispronounced a word! Her son, Mark, was born on north A Street in a house right up the street from us, [as] was Mickey. I was the first one to hold Mickey. Mary Ellen was born in Lovelock.

Were there different areas of the community in which different ethnic groups would live?

Not really...but the Mexican people congregated together. Most of them were unmarried and lived in boardinghouses in the southern part of town, beyond the Fourth Ward School. The Slovenian people just blended in with the population. I can remember a few of them like Handsome Dan. Handsome Dan was a Slovenian man who worked in the mines here, and he was handsome. And there was Big Sam Kerpan who was huge; he was one of the miners. I'm not sure whether he's still alive or not. When he left here he went to Sacramento. Then Andy Nicklanovich had a restaurant here; it was located right next to the Delta Saloon on C Street. It was a very good restaurant—they were very good people. His wife's mother, brothers and sisters all lived here.

Well, there were Irish, Finns, Mexicans and Slovenians living here in the 1920s. Can you think of any other ethnic group that lived here at that time?

Well, the Cornish people. They called the Cornish miners "Cousin Jacks," because when they got a job they always said, "Do you have a job for my Cousin Jack?" So, they called them Cousin Jacks, and the women were called Cousin Jennys. They were the ones who made pasties. Well, this isn't altogether true because my grandmother was pure English—actually part Scotch and part English—and she made pasties, but the Cornish people, the Cousin Jennys, made wonderful pasties; they were little pies. Potatoes, onions and meat were put together in a crust and then baked. They would wrap them in heavy papers—newspapers—and put them in the miners' lunches.

What did the miners carry their lunches in?

Well, there were 2 different kinds of lunch buckets. The one that I remember best, because my father always carried it, was a round lunch pail about 9 inches in diameter and about 12 or 14 inches high. In the bottom part of the lunch pail was a place for their drinks, like tea or coffee. My father, being Danish, drank coffee. Then there was a place for their sandwiches or fruit, and whatever else they brought to eat. In the top there was a place for a piece of pie or a piece of cake. There was another kind, which was more or less oblong, and worked along the same principle. Then, in later years, they carried the Thermos bottle and regular lunch pails.

Were there other ethnic groups your father worked with in the mines?

When he first came to the Comstock there were mostly Irish and English men [in the mines]. I can remember one in particular—Dan O'Connor. I can still see him. He was an Irish man—very funny and very tough—and my father liked him very much. He had to be a fine man. [laughter]

Did your father belong to the Miners' Union?

My father belonged to the Miners' Union—all the miners belonged to the Miners' Union. There were a few strikes, but very few. My father [supported] his family on \$4 a day [until] he went to work in Silver City at the Silver Hill mine. He was the boss [there], and he was in charge of the whole mine. When he got that job, he got \$10 a day, and we thought that was wonderful.

So, from 1910 until he worked in Silver City he earned \$4 a day?

Yes, that was the early 1930s. He worked at the Silver Hill mine [until] he got so sick that he couldn't work anymore. He quit working 10 September 1938, and he died 17 September 1938. He was a wonderful man, and he worked very hard. I was very close to my father.

Did the miners in Virginia City participate in any social events in the community?

Oh, yes. There were weekly dances, and different organizations would give dances and entertainments. There would be celebrations, like the Fourth of July celebrations and Labor Day, and everyone participated.

And the miners all came out for the big celebrations?

Yes. They got all dressed up and had a good time. [laughter]

Do you remember any of these celebrations from when you were a small child?

Yes, I remember them. It was an opportunity to go uptown. We were not allowed to go uptown and to walk around the streets like the children nowadays. We were kept at home, in our yard, where everybody knew where we were because there were mines and shafts around the hills, and our parents were always afraid we'd fall in something and never be found again. [laughter] But I remember the celebrations. The whole family went, and we wore our best clothes and had a lot of fun. [laughter]

Do you remember the kinds of events at these celebrations?

Well, of course, there were always drilling contests and a parade and usually a dance at night. The celebrations went on for 2 or 3 days. The town would be all decorated with flags, and we could have ice cream or whatever we wanted along the streets. When there was a celebration in Virginia City it was a festive time.

Did your father have a religious preference?

My father was a Lutheran. He attended school in Copenhagen, and they taught the Bible in the schools there. He knew more about the Bible than anyone I ever knew. They also taught English in the schools, but he didn't learn English in Denmark because when he came to the United States he couldn't speak the language. He learned to read and speak perfect English without any help; he just learned on his own. He was [also] very good at mathematics.

You mentioned that your father was a Lutheran. Where did he go to church here in Virginia City?

My mother was an Episcopalian—her mother and father belonged to the High Church of England. There was no Lutheran church in Virginia City, so my father attended church at the Episcopalian church with my mother. My 3 brothers and myself were all baptized and confirmed in the Episcopalian church.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church is located on E Street right below St. Mary's in the Mountains. It is a very lovely church. The pipe organ in the Episcopalian church was the first pipe organ west of the Rockies at that time. And the wood from which the church was built was brought into Virginia City from the eastern part of the United States. The inside of the church is still lovely.

I sang in the choir of the Episcopal church when I was a teenager. I was always late, and the minister, Reverend Hersey, told me that I would probably be late for my own wedding. And I was! He was also the officiating minister when my husband and I were married. [laughter] He was a wonderful man.

Did the church sponsor any clubs or organizations?

They had an organization for young girls, which I belonged to, the Girls Friendly Association. We had parties once every 2 weeks, and could invite our boyfriends. There was a big recreation hall in the bottom of the church—it's an art gallery now. This was where we had our parties. There was always refreshments and dancing. It was very nice. I can look back and think about those parties, and they were very nice. Much different from the [parties] boys and girls have nowadays.

Could you tell us where [your] father had his hair cut?

My father had his hair cut in Fred Strauss's barber shop. As I remember it, it was across the street from where the Sawdust Corner is now. I think Mr. Strauss had 2 or 3 different locations, but that's the one that I remember.

And that was on C Street?

On C Street, yes.

Did the miners ever spend a great deal of time at any particular establishment in town?

Well, of course there was the Bucket of Blood, which is still there, but at that time it was the Senate saloon. It got the name Bucket of Blood because there was so many fights there, and people got beat up a little. I think Mr. McBride bought the Bucket of Blood in the 1930s. I believe he came here from Winnemucca to raise his family. I knew his wife; she was a real lovely lady. Then there was the Smokery, which is the Delta now, and that has always been a very popular place.

Miners did a lot of partying, but they were also family men. Payday was a big night on the Comstock; most of them stopped on their way home. And, of course, after shift they would stop and have their after-shifter before they came home. The after-shifter was a drink. They still stop and have their after-shifter, but they're not miners anymore. [laughter]

The Sazarac [was another place the men used to stop]. It was across the street from the Crystal. I know very little about the old Sazarac. I know there was a thing called the Liars' Club connected with it. Everybody tried to out-do everybody else with the best lie. [laughter] After many, many years, my

brother Clint, who's gone, started a saloon called the Sazarac where the Ponderosa Saloon is now.

About what time was this?

About 1945, I think. He started that saloon, and he was also the first one to start the Sharon House, upstairs. The Sharon House was a dinner house and a bar. In fact, he named it the Sharon House. You see, [in the early days] Sharon was president of a bank that used to be in that building.

The Crystal Bar, [another early establishment] was originally the bar in the Washoe Club. The Washoe Club was a millionaires' club, and I don't think all the miners got to go to the Crystal [in those days]. [laughter] [Today] they still have the original fixtures in the Crystal Bar that were in the original one—it's still one of the nicest places in town to go.

It's very nice. Were there other places where the miners liked to go after their shift?

Well, everybody went to the [Nevada] Brewery. It was right at the head of Six Mile Canyon. As I remember it—I stopped there with my parents and with my grandfather; children were allowed inside in those days—it was lovely. They had plants inside, and the whole room was overgrown with vines and plants; it was so cool, comfortable and pleasant. The Brewery was started by a man by the name of Reick and his family. Then his daughter and her husband took it over; their name was Schnitzer. I can remember they made their own beer. People used to go there with buckets and bring the beer home, and they delivered beer to other saloons in town. They also had a beautiful garden where people went outside. I've never been to

Germany, but maybe it was like the German beer gardens—the Schnitzers came here from Germany.

Were there other breweries in Virginia City?

Yes, the Union Brewery up on C Street, run by Gordon Lane now, is very famous. Gordon keeps things really popping in the Union Brewery. [laughter]

Do you know who owned the Union Brewery before Mr. Lane?

A man by the name of Nello Lazzeri—they called him Bronco.

Did he found that brewery?

I don't know who founded it.

Were there many other places where the miners used to go?

Well, there was the Old 62 on C Street. I don't know who started that, either, but in my time it was frequented by mostly Italian people. There were quite a few Italians in Virginia City.

When did they come to Virginia City?

I really don't know. But as far [back] as I can remember, I can remember Italian people. When we moved up from Six Mile Canyon we lived in a small house down on north D Street, and right next door to us there was an Italian family by the name of Beano. They had 2 little girls; one was my age, Angelina, and I can't remember the other's name [for sure], but it seems like it was Stella. Instead of giving her bread and milk, they used to soak bread in wine and give it to her. [laughter] I

guess that was one way of keeping her quiet. [laughter] I can remember many [Italian] people. There was the Spezias and of course the Giuffras, and I remember one boy in my grade at school— Roy Venturi. [Another] was Gonz; this boy lived by himself at the foot of Washington Street.

He didn't live with a family; he lived by himself?

Probably in the beginning [he lived with a family]. This happened in a couple of instances. One that I remember in particular was a young boy whom my grandfather took into his home because he was alone; his name was Steve Breggenti. His family wanted to go back to Europe, and Steve didn't want to go. At that time 13-year-old boys worked in the mines. They carried tools to the miners, and did things like that. Steve was all by himself and had no place to stay, [so] my grandfather took him into his home. He lived with him for years. In fact, he used to tell me all the time that my grandfather raised him, "Old Tom Berry raised me," he used to say. He never could speak English well, even though he went to school in Six Mile Canyon with the rest of the children. I remember Steve Breggenti very well. He's another man that died with miner's consumption. I can't think of any other Italians right now, but there were many Italian families here.

Where did the miners buy their clothes?

Oh, there was Chung Kee's, which was a Chinese store on the corner of D Street and Union Street. You could buy most anything in there—clothes and groceries...not a lot of groceries, but he had certain things. He gave you Chinese candy and nuts at Christmas. My aunt bought me my first patent leather slippers at Chung Kee's.

Then there was Ryan & Stenson. They had a dry goods store; they sold children's clothes, women's clothes, men's clothes. They were located right where the post office is now. And there was a lady by the name of Mrs. Sheehy who had a hat store, and that's where you got your Easter bonnet. That was on the same block as the Crystal, in a building right where that little mall is now.

So this was north of the Crystal on C Street?

Yes. And a little before my time—but I can remember the lady—Theresa Rodham used to make hats. Big beautiful ornate hats with feathers, birds and what have you. That was up on C Street [south of the Crystal Bar]. And there was Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy had everything. If she wanted to find anything, she had a difficult time doing it. We used to buy our candy from Mrs. Eddy because you could go in with a penny and get 5 pieces of candy. She was a cute little old lady. I can still remember her. When we went into the post office in 1933, Mrs. Eddy was still operating her store.

Now I would like to talk to you about your mother. You have already told me her name, but why don't you repeat it and then go on from there.

My mother's name was Alice Berry. She had no middle name. She was born in Seven Mile Canyon 23 June 1891. She was 89 years old when she died—5 days after her birth date. She went to school in Six Mile Canyon until she was through with the eighth grade, and then came to Virginia City and went to high school. She graduated in 1908. And then she went back to Six Mile Canyon and lived with her parents because at that time my grandfather was sick and my grandmother needed help. She met my father in 1909 and

married him when she was 18 years old; I was born when she was 19.

Was your mother active in any of the social clubs in Virginia City?

Yes, my mother was a past matron of the Order of the Eastern Star, Argenta Chapter, and she also belonged to the Colfax Rebekah Lodge. Another organization [she belonged to] was the Relief Corps; it was a patriotic organization.

Where did the Eastern Star meet?

At that time the Eastern Star met in the old Masonic Hall, which has since been torn down.

Where was that?

It was on C Street across from the old Union Brewery. It was a beautiful lodge hall, carpeted in blue [with] white furniture and white fixtures. It was 2 stories. In the bottom story there was a banquet hall and a kitchen. In the second story there was the lodge hall and the anterooms. I am also a past matron of Argenta Chapter.

When did the Masonic Hall come down?

It came down in the 1940s; it was torn down. It was too bad, but the engineers said that it was unsafe; some of the walls were cracked. It was a beautiful hall, and it's too bad to lose those kinds of buildings.

Where did the Rebekahs meet?

The Colfax Rebekah Lodge is the second oldest Rebekah lodge in the United States. It was organized by Tyler Colfax. At that time

there was 3 Odd Fellows halls in Virginia City; one was in the National Guard Hall—there were lodge rooms above the hall. The present one is right above where Grandma's Fudge candy shop is now. That is the Rebekah and Odd Fellows Hall, and that's a Shrine Lodge now. They have some beautiful old banners with gold fringe on them in frames in that hall. And they have some of the original Masonic furniture because the Masonic Lodge and the Eastern Stars meet there, too, now.

Where did the Relief Corps meet?

Well, there was a row of buildings up above the National Guard Hall, and they met in one of those buildings. But the organization became too big, and then they moved into the Odd Fellows Hall. The Odd Fellows were very generous with their meeting hall.

Would you describe the location of the National Guard Hall?

The National Guard Hall was just south of the firemen's museum on C Street. We used to go to movies in the National Guard Hall, and had dances in the National Guard Hall. Also, upstairs was the telegraph office, and there were offices in there besides the lodge hall. I remember them tearing it down, probably in the 1930s.

What did the Relief Corps do here in Virginia City?

It was mostly social, as I remember it.

Was that also true of the Eastern Star and the Rebekahs?

No, the Eastern Star and the Rebekahs were part of national organizations, and

they were both very active. The Eastern Stars carried on the work that they were pledged to do, and they were very helpful around Virginia City. Some of it was charitable work. They really took care of their own. The Rebekahs and the Odd Fellows took care of the sick and did everything they could for members of their own organization. They still do.

Did your mother ever participate in any other organizations?

Well, she belonged to the PTA, [but] she wasn't too active. She was busy at home, but she did belong to it and did whatever she could to help children. My mother was very fond of children. She was a nice lady.

What did your mother do when she socialized with her friends?

Oh, they played cards; she went to bridge parties. But my mother's social life was home mostly. We were very close-knit, and I can't remember ever coming home from school when my mother wasn't there. Throughout my school years she was always there. She was a wonderful cook; that's why I don't cook so well—I couldn't compete. [laughter] She did many nice things for people that no one knows about. There was a wonderful old man who lived across the street from us, Mr. Sullivan, and she saw that when he got sick he had things to eat. She did many things like that that she didn't say anything about.

I would like to talk to you now about your mother's work around the house. Could you describe some of it for me?

What she liked best about housework was cooking. Every other day she made a baking

of bread...5 or 6 loaves. Her house was always clean—not always neat because she thought happiness came first. When we came home from school she was there. Dinner was always ready when my father came home from work.

What else did your mother do?

She didn't do very much outside of the home, actually. She was really a homebody. Her whole life was her family. She was only 44 years old when my father died.

What did she do after your father passed away?

She just stayed home and kept house. My oldest brother lived with her. She was perfectly happy and content just to be home. She had opportunities; in fact, she could have worked for Mary Nicklanovich, but she just didn't want to do that. She wanted to be home, and that's what we let her do. I used to take her out on little trips and things like that, but as far as ever getting out to work or socializing in a big way, she was just not that kind of person.

Where did your mother buy her groceries?

Well, there was a man by the name of Halley who had a grocery store. That was right next to where the Visitor's Bureau is now on C Street. She bought her groceries there for years. And then there was George Wilson's store further up the street, and she bought her groceries there for many years when Mr. Halley closed his shop. And after Neil Gallagher took over George Wilson's grocery store—his wife was Mr. Wilson's niece—she bought her groceries there until they closed up. Then Clint Salmon had a grocery store, and that's where she bought her groceries as long as she needed to.

Where was that located?

That was right next to the post office on C Street.

Your busy street is C Street.

Yes. That's the main street in more ways than one!

Would you tell us some more about your mother?

Well, after my 2 children, Edward and Fred, were born, I wanted to work, so she took care of them from the time they were babies until they were old enough to go to school. She must have been a good influence on them because they have both turned out well, and my husband and I are very proud of them. Mother did everything in those days. She took care of her own house and did the cooking and had us all home for dinners [on] Christmas and any holiday we wanted to come home for. [She did this] until she was 84 years old when she got sick, and then she couldn't do any more after that. She was almost blind when she died.

I would like to discuss your own biography now. I know you lived with your parents in several homes here in Virginia City. Could you tell me about them?

[The first] was on Washington Street, east of C Street, which is the main street. I was born there. Then my parents moved out to the north end of town, and the little house is still down there on north D Street. Then we moved again, further north, and when I was older we moved to the south end of town. We lived in the north end of town until I was through with high school, and then we

moved into a big house in the south end of town right across from the old Fourth Ward School. We lived there for 4 or 5 years. My mother finally bought an old house up here on north A street. That's the last house that she lived in, too. It was her home when she died. My oldest brother lives there now. He never married—my mother made too good a home, I guess.

Where did you go to school?

I started school in the First Ward School which was on the north end of Virginia City right where the service station is. As I picture it, it was a big 3 or 4-story building. I went to the first 2 grades there. My first teacher's name was Katie Quirk, and I loved her. I thought she was great because she smelled so nicely. [laughter] Then there was another teacher, named Mrs. Neal; she was the third and fourth grade teacher. But before I was through with the third grade, they discontinued the third and fourth grade in the First Ward, and we all went up to the Fourth Ward School. My teacher there was Sadie Smith. My boys had Sadie Smith for a teacher also; she was going that long. The other teachers I had were Louise Sullivan and Evelyn Stock. [These were] all grammar school teachers. Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Williams were [there, too,] but I never had either one of them.

In high school I had Mr. Williams; he was the principal. I was 2 grades ahead of my husband, not because I'm older, but I went through high school in 3 years. Let's see, Don Richards was my very favorite teacher. Tillie Evanson was there, and there was another by the name of Mickey Miller. She was from northern California. The coach was John L. Metcalf, but I didn't have athletics. I enjoyed high school very much.

Then I went to University of Nevada to normal school, which they don't have any more. I went for 2 years to normal school, and then I taught school in a little rural school close to Fallon. It was called the Beach District. That is just about where the naval base is now. I had 32 pupils and all 8 grades. There was no time for individual attention. I was the only teacher, but it was fun. I lived on the Austin ranch in the Fallon area, and then I lived with some other people by the name of Norcutt. I enjoyed teaching school. We did quite well. I had to have the older children help with the younger children, especially at recess time. I was very popular because I was the only teacher for miles. [laughter] We had hay rides, and the people in the district had parties at the school. [There was] wonderful food: fried chicken, whipped cream cakes and all kinds of wonderful things to eat.

Who came to these parties?

Ranchers, the parents of the children and the young people in the district. It was fun. It was really a good experience, and I loved teaching school. This school was right next to a pasture. I remember that. [laughter] The cows in the pasture, especially the bull, used to scare me to death. The children were absolutely forbidden to go in the pasture, but they would when they weren't in class. One boy broke his arm one day riding a calf. When you have 32 children, you have to have class during recess, and then there was no supervision. So, I couldn't watch them every minute.

My idea was to teach for 3 years, and then go back to college and finish my degree, which I never did. My father got sick, and I came home. I lived at home and went to work in the Virginia City post office.

About what time was that?

That was 1933; my husband and I worked there together. I worked in the, post office until 1969—almost 37 years.

When did you marry Mr. Gladding?

I married Mr. Gladding when he came home on leave during World War II—3 January 1943. He had 36 hours leave, and he spent 15 hours of it getting here because it was the stormiest night of the whole year. [laughter] He was in the army for 3½ years and spent most of that time in Alaska. That's why he doesn't like cold weather.

Before we pursue your biography after you went to work at the post office in 1933, I was wondering if you could describe what Fallon was like in the early 1930s?

Yes. At that time Fallon was clearly a farming community. That was before the naval installation was out there. Fallon itself was cowboys and ranchers, and the children wore cowboy hats and boots. It was fun because I was from a mining community, and I had never had any experience with farming. I lived right on the ranches. What especially got me was the abundance of food, and the amount of food that the cowboys and the men on the ranches could eat. They worked all day and were hungry by the time they came in. [laughter]

There were many young people, and we would go into town. We went to the movie theater, and there were 1 or 2 restaurants—not many—[so] we would stop and have dinner or a sandwich. I remember I. H. Kent's store; Mr. Kent used to cash my check for me. I remember the postmaster very well because afterwards I learned to know him better through the post office in Virginia City. It

was just a fun little community, very close-knit; everyone knew everyone else. When I go through Fallon now and see the changes, and the big naval base, it's difficult to believe that I ever taught school down in that sand and sagebrush.

The ranches in the district where I taught were operated mostly by transient people. They would come in and take them for maybe 2 or 3 years, and then leave again. The Austins and the Norcutts, the people I lived with, owned their ranches, but there were many around that didn't. They would just lease them for a short time and then move on. It was a different life for me.

When you came back to Virginia City and began working at the post office in 1933, what was going on?

It was still a mining town in the 1930s, and the mines were operating. There was the big Con-Chollar mill, and the Dayton mine was operating. That was in Silver City. The Con-Virginia was still operating. At that time there was probably around 1,500 men working on the Comstock. But as soon as World War II broke out, it was cut right off because silver and gold were no longer strategic metals, and the mines were closed down. The men went to work in the shipyards, and the war meant a big change in everyone's life. All the young men went into the service. The population dropped, probably to around 200 people, and it was mostly women and older men and children. The girls would pool our gas stamps and take little trips to Reno for dinner or go to a movie or something like that. We managed to get by; it was just a little lonesome. [laughter]

Now, when Mr. Gladding—the postmaster—went away to war, who ran the post office in his absence?

I was appointed acting postmaster in his absence. They gave the postmasters leave, and their time in the military still counted toward their retirement. But, I was acting postmaster for about 3½, almost 4 years.

How old were you at this time?

I was 29, and I had different people come to help me work. Mrs. Gladding, who was the postmaster's mother, was the one that helped me more than anyone else. She worked with me in the post office, and we became very close and good friends. She was glad when I married her son. [laughter]

Two of my brothers, Fred and Earl, were also in the service. Earl was a ski trooper for a time, which was different. He was sent up into Alaska, and he went to the Aleutians because Japan had occupied the Aleutians at that time. He went up there and they expected a big campaign, but the Japanese had left, and he was sent back to the United States. Then he went into the infantry, and he was sent to the European theater. Fred, my oldest brother, went into Europe on D day. He was in a tank destroyer unit, and Earl was in the infantry. Both of them went through the whole European theater of war. They wrote letters home, but there was never anything in them that told us of what was going on. Except when it was over, my youngest brother, Earl, wrote a letter and said, "There is nothing to worry about anymore. It's finished." That was the first news we got that the war was going to come to an end. They both saw a lot of action, and my husband was up in the cold in Alaska. [laughter]

After the war Mr. Gladding came back and assumed his position as postmaster. Did you still work at the post office?

Yes.

Didn't you do something else about that time, too?

Yes. I have always been interested in writing, and I became the editor of the *Virginia City News*. That was before Lucius Beebe's time. The *Virginia City News* was owned by a man by the name of Pete Burke, and I used to line up articles [for the paper]. At that time there was a red-light district in Virginia City, and it could be violent. Once a man was found hanging in the basement of a house that was *not* in the red-light district, but the man was associated with it. Apparently he had hanged himself; he hadn't been murdered. But when they investigated the house they found a woman's body buried in the basement. It was afterwards proven that she had died of natural causes. It was quite a story at the time, and the police department, knowing me, gave me the scoop. I called it in to the Reno papers, and the San Francisco papers called me. It was the highlight of my writing career. If I had [realized], I could have sold the story for money, but I didn't get anything but my salary.

Anyway, the outcome of the whole thing was that they closed the red-light district in Virginia City forever. It was quite a thing because these people mingled in Virginia City, and some of them were beautiful young girls. Having worked in the post office, I knew them.

You mentioned that you worked for the Virginia City News. Had that paper always run continuously from the early days, or had it been closed down?

It was closed down for a long time. [Then] Pete Burke bought it, and after he owned it,

there were 2 or 3 other owners. Finally it was sold to Lucius Beebe, who owned [both] the *Territorial Enterprise* and the *Virginia City News*. Mrs. Schafer owns it now. The *Territorial Enterprise* was the first newspaper in Nevada. It was first issued in Genoa. They have a good file of the *Territorial Enterprise* at the courthouse. It starts with the first issue after the fire of 1875. This issue they printed in Gold Hill on the *Gold Hill News* press because the *Territorial Enterprise* building had burned down.

In the 1940s, then, Virginia City had the war and this rather exciting event that you told us about. What else was going on in Virginia City at that time?

Virginia City was becoming a tourist attraction. People were hearing about Virginia City's historical background, its glamorous past, and they were coming to see all the things that were left. It's a good thing that this [happened] at that point or there wouldn't have been anything left. People didn't realize what they had, and buildings were being torn down. But after that point, everyone became conscious of the historical value of all the buildings and the events that happened in Virginia City.

In the 1950s what was going on in Virginia City?

Well, it was becoming more and more of a tourist town. Lucius Beebe had acquired the *Virginia City News* and the *Territorial Enterprise*, and he gave Virginia City publicity in his paper. It was going to every state in the Union and even to foreign countries. People were beginning to see that they could make money on the tourists, and they were doing things to attract them—which is too

bad, maybe, because it has become very commercial.

We were still in the post office. We had our commemorative stamp in 1959, commemorating the discovery of silver in 1859, which was a really big event. Then 1964 was the Nevada commemorative stamp. Nevada was 100 years old. Vice-president Nixon visited Virginia City during the commemorative stamp celebration in 1959. My husband has the first sheet of stamps off of the press, and it's autographed by Nixon as vice-president along with the rest of the Washington, D.C., people that visited. At that time there were a lot of them. It was nice, and it was interesting. It was really a wonderful thing for the postmaster, but he's kind of a person that wouldn't make too much of it. I have a picture of my husband and Nixon together.

In the 1950s artists started coming to Virginia City. Could you name some of them?

Well, there was Lou Siegriest, Lou Hughes and Beck Young. There were other very good ones, but I just can't remember their names—I thought I'd never forget! Betty Larson is very good; I admire her work very much. Dick Walton still lives in Virginia City. There are still some artists in the old hospital; that's where they lived for a long time. Annabelle Shelly lives here, too—she's quite good—and Mavis Hess visits often.

Well, I would like to thank you very much for spending so much time with me, and for giving me a wonderful interview. Thank you so much.

It's been a real pleasure, and it's been very nice to meet you again.

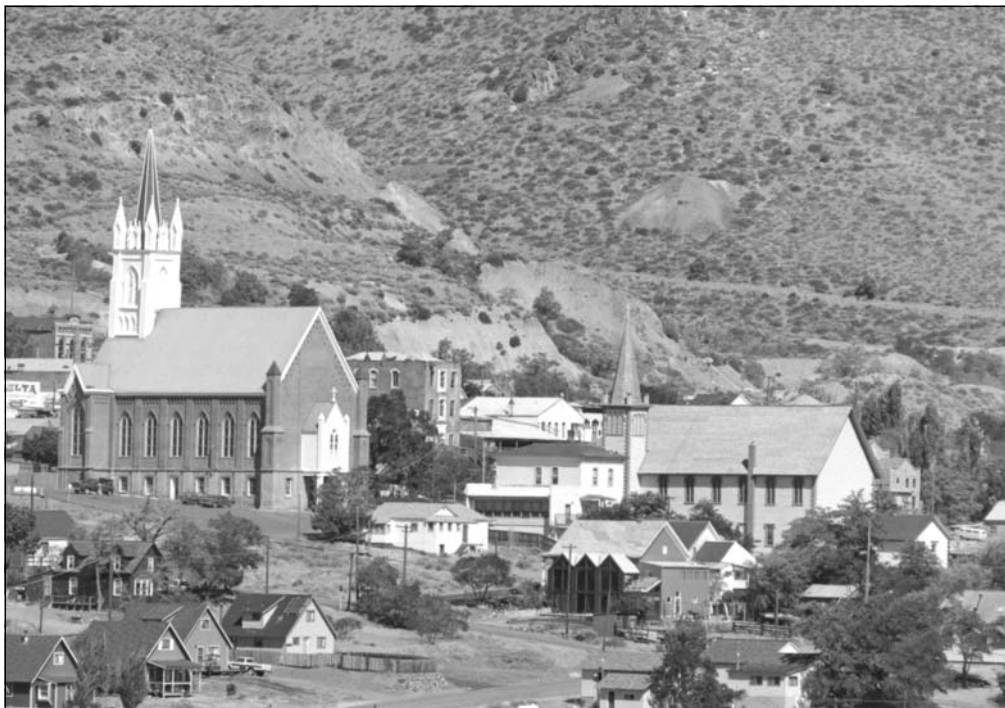
PHOTOGRAPHS



The remains of Butters mill which was one of the larger mills in Six Mile Canyon.



Mrs. Gladding's brother, Clint Andreasen, established the Sharon House and named the restaurant for William Sharon.



"St. Paul's Episcopal Church is located on E Street right below St. Mary's in the Mountains."



“The Odd Fellows were very generous with their meeting hall”
and allowed other organizations to use the building.

Photographs by N.J. Broughton

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